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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.

# The Minim,

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

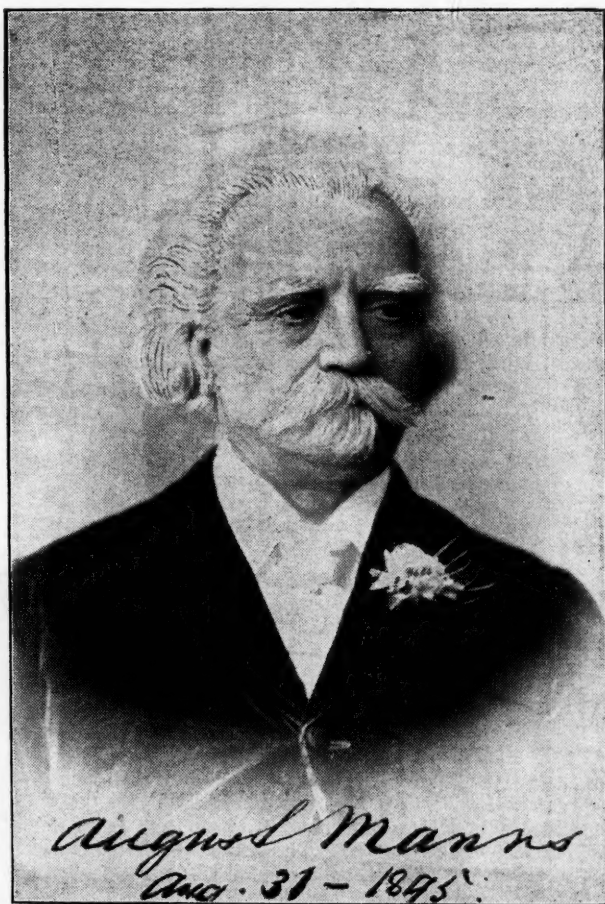
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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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NOVEMBER, 1895.

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MR. AUGUST MANNS.

## MR. AUGUST MANNS.

Few names are more familiar to, or held in greater respect by, the musical public than that of the popular conductor of the famous Crystal Palace Concerts, and without doubt it can safely be affirmed that no one has excelled him in offering the helping hand to young and untried composers by producing works which otherwise might never have had a chance of being heard under properly adequate conditions as regards the orchestra.

By the time these lines are in print Mr. Manns will have celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his appointment as conductor of the Crystal Palace Orchestra, viz., on 14th October; and those of us who can remember the occasion, and the condition in which music was in those days, must have a perfectly unique experience. Sir George Grove gives us an insight into the matter by saying, "The band was still a wind band, and the open centre transept was the only place for its performances. Under the efforts of the new conductor things soon began to mend. He conducted a Saturday Concert in the Bohemian Glass Court the week after his arrival. Through the enlightened liberality of the directors the band was changed to a full orchestra, a better spot was found for the music, adjoining the Queen's Rooms (since burnt) at the north-east end, and at length, through the exertions of the late Mr. Robert Bowley, then general manager, the Concert Room was enclosed and roofed in, and the present famed Saturday Concerts began, and have progressed, both in value and variety of the selections and the delicacy and spirit of the performances, ever since."

Nor is it only in connection with these concerts that Mr. Manns is so well known, but also with those gigantic festival performances of Handel's music, which recur every three years, and in the intermediate years the performance on a similar scale of one or other of the great masterpieces.

In 1883, when the sudden illness of Sir Michael Costa compelled him to give up all idea of conducting the Handel Festival in that year, Mr. Manns took up the reins, and his success completely set at rest the vexed question of Sir Michael's successor at the triennial festival.

As regards Mr. Manns' early life the following will be of interest to our readers. He was born on 12th March, 1825, at Stolzenburg, near Stettin, and after learning the violin, clarinet and flute from a local village musician he entered one of the regimental bands at Dantzic, and was not only capable of taking the position of 1st clarinet, but also was able to play, amongst the 1st violins at the theatre orchestra.

When at Posen in 1848 August Manns attracted

the notice of Wieprecht, the director of military music in Prussia, and through his influence became conductor and solo player at Kroll's Garden in Berlin.

In 1851 he became band-master to one of the crack regiments in Königsberg, giving evidence of abundant talent by arranging Beethoven's Symphonies for the military band, and generally enhancing the musical reputation of the regiment. It was not until 1854 that he visited England, and in the following year the directors of the Crystal Palace appointed him conductor of the orchestra. From that day his sole aim has been to improve and develop the musical attractions at the great Sydenham institution, and by his untiring energy in training his band and ceaseless endeavours to put forward varied and attractive programmes he has succeeded so admirably that the Crystal Palace Orchestra has obtained a world-wide reputation, and its conductor a honoured name amongst the great musicians of the century.

On 12th March last Mr. Manns completed his seventieth year, and the occasion was marked by the presentation of a public testimonial as a mark of appreciation of his long and distinguished services to the divine art. The actual presentation took place in the presence of a brilliant assembly at the Grafton Gallery on 30th April, having been unavoidably postponed through the indisposition of the great conductor.

Rumour again has it that the series of concerts just commenced will probably be the last. In the interests of musical England it is to be hoped that Rumour may *again* prove a false jade.

It is undeniable that the Saturday Afternoon Concerts are a very great, if not the principal attraction at the Crystal Palace during the autumn and winter months, and are attended and appreciated, not only by season-ticket holders, but by a large contingent of the general musical public, whose interest and support would cease if the concerts were discontinued. Indirectly also, they doubtless are the means of bringing additional grist to the mill by their time-honoured name alone; a name familiar to music lovers far and wide throughout the civilised world, and fully justifying the flattering criticisms which have been pronounced with such unanimity for so many years past.

However, we must await events. If rumour proves unhappily true we must solace ourselves with the thought that their continuance is not due to diminishing excellence nor to the waning popularity of their great conductor.



## HEARING WITH OUR EYES.

It has been tersely remarked by one of our leading artists that the "true musician is one who hears with his eyes and sees with his ears." In other words, to a truly educated mind, it is quite as easy to hear the effect of a piece of music mentally, by merely looking at it, as it is for an ordinary reader to understand the words in a book or newspaper without hearing or speaking them. Equally it is also easy for a true musician to see in his mind's eye the notes written on paper which he may hear performed, and to write them down as they are played—if he can write fast enough.

For this month we are only going to consider the former element of musicianship, and see how it bears on practical results.

If we watch an incompletely educated person, to whom reading is not second nature, perusing the paper, often it will be noticed that he says the words to himself as he reads, because the mind feels a difficulty in grasping the ideas conveyed in the symbols until they are practically translated into sounds. So it is with the half-educated musician; he has but the vaguest idea what a piece of music is like until he has heard it, whereas the true musician often enjoys the perusal of music more than its performance, because he only realises it as it ought to be, and is not annoyed by wrong notes, false intonation and faulty expression.

A person who can take down the score of a symphony and mentally hear its effect with accuracy, distinguish the tones of the various instruments, and realise adequately the *tout ensemble*, is not far from being a good musician. He at any rate is possessed of many of his essentials, for he has imagination, he has knowledge of technique, and a trained mind. If he has patience and sympathy he will be a good teacher, for he will know exactly how even a strange composition, or one he has never seen before, should sound without having to watch his pupil's fingers. He can pass examinations easily, for he knows exactly the effect of what he is writing; as a rule, it is almost always weakness in this respect which leads to so many failures, rather than to a want of knowledge of "rules"—for it is quite possible to have your head stuffed full of "rules" and "precepts" and yet succeed in writing some

abominable rubbish. Students who rely on "rules" only—merely negative, or at the most, permissive, in their character—rather than on "hearing with their eyes," will always be poor cramped souls who mistake the letter for its spirit—the life.

Of course there are many gradations of this faculty in existence—from the young lady who asks the music-seller to play over the "Hermione Gavotte" to the learned pundit who hears every note in a score; even amongst fair musicians there are many who can only approximately realise the effect of unheard music, and whose powers, though perhaps great in some directions, are quite limited in this. Still, the power can always be more or less acquired by perseverance, and if only teachers would insist on the ear-training of students (and parents knew enough of its importance to insist on the teachers insisting) we should soon have some better musicians in the land.

What would be thought of the schoolmaster, who, though he taught his pupils to copy writing, did not teach them the meaning of the symbols, and exercise them in dictation? Their performances would be merely the imitations of certain straight lines and curves, and no intelligent use could be made of them. And yet this is exactly what is being done through the length and breadth of the land in regard to music; to very many symbols mean nothing apart from sounds; whilst the sounds themselves mean nothing more than the correct interpretation of symbols.

Every student should be able to mentally hear the effect of a new piece of not much greater difficulty than those with which he is already familiar; and it would add much to the value of the "certificates" so plentifully issued by our examining bodies and large music schools, if the candidates were required (as on the continent) to give a satisfactory lesson before the examiners on a *previously unfamiliar piece*.

If a so-called "advanced" student has this power in a very limited degree only, he can never fairly be called "advanced," and, whether the fault be that of teacher or pupil, the fact remains, that one who can *not* "hear with his eyes" is an incomplete, unintelligent, lop-sided and half-trained caricature of a real artist.



WE pronounce that there is romance in the Venetian conveyance by oars merely because we ourselves are in the habit of being dragged by horses. A Venetian, on the other hand, sees vulgarity in a gondola, and thinks the only true romance is in a hackney coach.—*Ruskin*.

AN Irishman went to a concert, and on going home attempted to describe to his wife a violin. He said, "It were something like the shape of a goose; the man sazed it by the neck—threw its tail across his shoulder—rubbed it across the belly with a stick, and Lord! how it did squeale."



## MENDELSSOHN AS A MASTER.

[From the "Life of Mendelssohn" by W. S. Rockstro. Published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Limited.]

The members of the upper classes for the study of the pianoforte and composition met regularly for instruction on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, each lesson lasting two hours. The first pianoforte piece selected for study was Hummel's Septett in D minor; and we well remember the blank look of dismay depicted upon more than one excitable countenance as each pupil in his turn, after playing the first chord, and receiving an instantaneous reproof for its want of sonority, was invited to resign his seat to an equally unfortunate successor.

Mendelssohn's own manner of playing grand chords, both in *forte* and *piano* passages, was peculiarly impressive; and how when all present had tried and failed he himself sat down to the instrument, and explained the causes of his dissatisfaction with such microscopic minuteness and clearness of expression that the lesson was simply priceless. He never gave a learner the chance of mistaking his meaning, and though the vehemence with which he sometimes enforced it made timid pupils desperately afraid of him, he was so perfectly just, so sternly impartial in awarding praise on the one hand, and blame on the other, that consternation soon gave place to confidence, to boundless affection. Carelessness infuriated him; irreverence for the composer he could never forgive.

"Es steht nicht da!" (It is not there!) he almost shrieked one day to a pupil, who had added a note to a certain chord. To another, who had scrambled through a difficult passage, he cried with withering contempt, "So spielen die Katzen!" (So play the cats!). But, where he saw an earnest desire to do justice to the work in hand, he would give direction after direction with a lucidity which we have never heard equalled.

He never left a piece until he was satisfied that the majority of the class understood it thoroughly. Hummel's Septett formed the chief part of every lesson until the 25th of February. After that it was relieved by one of Chopin's Studies, or a fugue from the *Wohltemperirte Klavier*; but it was not until the 21st of March that it was finally set aside to make room for Weber's *Concert-Stück*, the master's reading of which was superb. He would make each pupil play a portion of this great work in his own way, comment upon its delivery with the most perfect frankness, and, if he thought the player deserved encouragement, would himself supply the orchestral passages on a second pianoforte; but he never played through the piece which formed the subject of a lesson in a connected form.

On a few rare occasions—we can only remember two or three—he invited the whole class to his

house, and on one of these happy days he played an entire sonata—but not that which the members of the class were studying. And the reason of this reticence was obvious; he wished his pupils to understand the principles by which he himself was guided in his interpretation of the works of the great masters; and, at the same time, to discourage servile imitation of his own rendering of any individual composition. In fact, with regard to special forms of expression one of his most frequently reiterated maxims was, "If you want to play with true feeling you must listen to good singers; you will learn far more from them than from any players you are likely to meet with."

Upon questions of simple *technique* he rarely touched except, as in the case of our first precious lesson upon the chord of D minor, in regard to the rendering of certain special passages. We were expected to study these matters on other days of the week under Herren, Plaidy, or Wenzel, professors of high repute, who had made the training of the fingers and wrist their *specialité*. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of this arrangement, which provided for the acquirement of a pure touch and facile execution, on the one hand, while, on the other, it left Mendelssohn free to direct the undivided attention of his pupils to the higher branches of art.

An analogous plan was adopted with regard to the classes for composition. The members of this simultaneously studied the technicalities of harmony under Herr Fr. Richter; those of counterpoint and fugue under Herr Hauptmann, the Kantor of the Thomas-Schule; and those of form and instrumentation under Herr Niels W. Gade. Mendelssohn himself took all these subjects into consideration by turns, though only in their higher aspect. For counterpoint he employed a large blackboard, with eight red staves drawn across it. On one of these staves he would write a *Canto Fermo*, always using a soprano clef for the soprano part. Then, offering the chalk to one of his pupils, he would bid him write a counterpoint, above or below the given subject. This done, he would invite the whole class to criticise the tyro's work, discussing its merits with the closest possible attention to every detail. Having corrected this to his satisfaction, or, at least, made the best of it, he would pass on the chalk to some one else—generally to the student who had been most severe in his criticism—bidding him add a third part to the two already written; and this process he would carry on until the whole of the eight staves were filled. The difficulty of adding a sixth, seventh or eighth part to an exercise already complete in

three, four, or five, and not always written with the freedom of an experienced contrapuntist, will be best understood by those who have most frequently attempted the process. It was often quite impossible to supply an additional part, or even an additional note, but Mendelssohn would never sanction the employment of a rest as a means of escape from the gravest difficulty until every available resource had been tried in vain.

One day, when it fell to our lot to write the eighth part, a certain bar presented so hopeless a deadlock, we confessed ourselves utterly vanquished. "Cannot you find a note?" asked Mendelssohn. "Not one that could be made to fit in without breaking a rule," said we. "I am very glad," said he in English, laughing heartily, "for I could not find one myself." It was, in fact, a case of inevitable check-mate.



### RIVAL VOICE-PRODUCERS.

The pages of some of our contemporaries in musical journalism often exhibit very amusing reading; not least of all in their serious articles, whilst the correspondence columns are often the funniest of all. Sometimes the points in discussion are "knotty" points in harmony; sometimes the relative points of paper organs, *i.e.*, organ specifications, form anvils hard enough to evoke a vast quantity of sparks which don't do much harm, and serve to illumine in a measure the otherwise unknown faces of the blacksmiths. The "voice-producer," too, has here a grand chance of airing himself and his opinions, and of showing what he knows, and also more that he doesn't. Such an advertisement is surely cheap at a penny, for even though the writer may woefully expose his ignorance to those who are in the know, yet there are so many who are not, that it is still a good speculative investment—a sprat to catch a herring; and a sprat can be safely afforded even by our advertising expert, who has not very many more pennies to lose.

The theories of rival voice-producers have this merit for controversial purposes over many others, that they can be neither proved or disproved by ocular demonstration. Be you ever such a quack, therefore, all you need to do is to lift your brazen face high enough, enunciate your opinions loudly enough, throw a cloud of specious philosophy and high-sounding—if somewhat unintelligible—phrases round your oracular utterances; as your points can't be *proved* unsound by argument you are almost sure of some adherents till you are found out—when the best thing to do is to change your residence.

It is a positive fact that there is no means in existence for accurately arriving at the precise functions of the various muscles, cartilages, etc., in the throat *whilst singing*. For although the laryngoscope has literally thrown much light upon the movements of various muscles and cartilages, yet as it is impossible to really sing while a mirror is held in your throat, it is just as impossible to

obtain by actual demonstration a clear definition of the vocal powers as it is of the digestive. Approximations only are possible, in any case, and although there are instances recorded in which, through temporary causes, some insight has been obtained on the effects of the circulation on the digestive and mental processes during life, yet they are approximations only, and no material results have accrued.

So if you like to say that the function of the false vocal chords is this, and some one else says, "No, it is that," you are quite on safe grounds. Similarly, if you like to say that the falsetto is the true voice, and the chest voice the false one, so long as you carefully abstain from defining what you really mean by "chest" voice or "falsetto" voice, you may be contradicted, but your statements can't be disproved; so you are "safe as houses"—indeed, safer!

It is not a little instructive to notice how the really great singing masters hold aloof from these paper discussions. Fancy Mr. Shakespeare, Señor Garcia, or the late J. B. Welch (whom the writer's father had at one time the privilege of instructing) joining in such a controversy! It is safe to assume that the majority of such disputants are either cranks, charlatans, or students, to whom a cheap advertisement is valuable.

A singing master of the first rank knows well enough that, though he may improve a voice, he can't create one; and his efforts, therefore, are confined, after attention to the broader necessities—correct breathing, correct use of the registers, and correct control of the "resonance chamber"—to the thousand and one details of musical interpretation—*nuance*, phrasing, and expression.

There are more charlatans and quacks amongst singing masters than in any other branch of the musical profession; it therefore behoves every one who thinks himself in possession of a voice to be careful as to the selection of his master, or he may find himself with his health injured, his voice ruined, and his pocket empty.

## MISS JANE TAYLOR.

Miss Jane Taylor, a distinguished player and teacher of the violin and piano in Hull, whose portrait we present with this number of "The Minim," is a native of Manchester. When but six years of age her musical instruction was undertaken by Mr. Richard Lester, a well-known and accomplished teacher in the great Lancashire city. At eight years of age Miss Taylor played solos in public at the concerts given by her master.

The subject of our notice was afterwards sent to a school in Wales, where, fortunately, her musical abilities were recognised by Mr. John Thomas, the Queen's harpist. Acting under the advice given by that gentleman, her parents sent her to the Royal Academy of Music, where she was introduced to the principals by Mr. Thomas himself. This was when Miss

Taylor was fourteen. Her career at that great institution was one of continuous, and we might say of brilliant, success. She took the bronze

medal in 1884. In 1885, however, the distinction of the silver medal, and that much-coveted honour, the Sterndale Bennett prize for proficiency as a pianist, were awarded to her. Miss Taylor was afterwards appointed a sub-professor of the Academy, and is at present the Honorary Representative of the County of Lincoln.

This young lady is making great headway as a teacher of the violin and piano in Hull. Several of her pupils have come prominently before the public, and the good influence which Miss Taylor is exercising on the musical taste of the town can scarcely be over-estimated.



— \* \* \* \* \*

## "HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE?"

BY A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE.

I am not going to worry you with a dissertation as to the origin and cause of this remarkable expression. I don't suppose you care any more than I do how it came to pass. It is more to the point that we *do* know how many beans go to five. We often *think* we can do a sum in arithmetic as well as anybody, but, really, only too often we find we can't. Two and two make four surer than "eggs is eggs;" and if all our factors were known quantities, and not dark horses, how great would be our successes, and how few would be our failures!

The great mistake we often make in constructing a chain of causes, which shall produce a given effect, is that we assume that various expected

effects will necessarily be produced, and no others. Because two and two make four it does not follow that a train of actions will terminate just as we calculate; and here it is that men fail in businesses or professions. Too sanguine and hopeful, they do not look far enough ahead to avert dangers, and do not apprehend difficulties until they are overwhelmed by them.

The pessimistic and gloomy individual, who only sees the worst side of things, and who is in the habit of deprecating his own efforts and those of others, is even less likely to succeed than his over-sanguine neighbour. He is liable to be constantly shifting his ground; he tries one thing, and before long wearies of it. He expects too much for his



labour; for, singular as it may appear, if the sanguine embarks on an expedition hastily and unadvisedly he does not equally hurriedly abandon it; while the pessimist often foolishly lets a good thing slip when it is really honestly in his grasp. He, equally with the over sanguine, lacks foresight, and thinks too early that he is beaten, where his sanguine brother in the same cause would prove victorious.

The funny part of it is that such people often pride themselves upon their caution and prudence. Such caution and prudence is often merely an excuse for laziness, and a cover for want of pluck,

spirit, and manliness. Just as socialists are at heart selfish, so are these miserable pessimists foolish, and it is a pitiable sight to see many a young man of high ideals and noble aspirations, through special conditions and circumstances, giving way to them, sapping the vitals of a life that might be happy and useful, instead of discontented and dishonoured.

Such, indeed, do not know "how many beans make five," any more than those pseudo-philanthropists who seek to stifle healthy competition, which, as a well-known scientist has observed, is the most beneficent way of making for goodness and righteousness which could have been ever devised.

— \* \* \* \* \*

#### PRIZE COMPETITION.—No. 20.

This month we give a Musical Double Acrostic to be solved. We need hardly say that the *proem* refers to the initials and finals read downwards, and the *lights* form the words read crosswise.

##### PROEM.

An ancient and a modern master in the art,  
But in their parentage Old England bore no part.

##### LIGHTS.

1. A contemporary of Handel.
2. One of Handel's operas.
3. One of Weber's operas.
4. An opera by a well-known living English composer.
5. A sacred work by Gounod.
6. A well-known oratorio.

The following rules must be strictly adhered to, or competitors will be disqualified:—

1. The Coupon below must be filled in and returned to our London Office, 84 Newgate Street, *not later than* first post on November 20th, the outside of the envelope being marked "Competition."

2. The Competition is free to all who send in their replies with accompanying Coupon attached.

Competitors may send in more than one answer if they choose, but a separate coupon must be used for each.

3. The Competitor's name and address must be forwarded in a *closed* envelope bearing on the outside the motto chosen. The Coupon *must not* be enclosed with the name and address, or Competitor will be disqualified.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be awarded to the Coupon first opened. The Editor's decision must, in all cases, be considered final.

We offer to the Competitor who solves the acrostic correctly a handsomely bound copy of "Frederick Chopin," by Charles Willeby.

#### COUPON No. 20.

(Please cut out neatly).

#### ACROSTIC.

Motto \_\_\_\_\_

— \* \* \* \* \*

CHARACTER AND ITS INFLUENCE.—Character is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths beaten hard by the multitude of light foot-steps which go to and fro. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of life, creates the character which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny.—*Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.*

THE EFFECTS OF KIND WORDS.—Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. They do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

## CONTEMPORARIES' CRITICISMS.

## CHORLEY ON CHOPIN.

*Athenæum*, 23rd June, 1848.

"M. Chopin gave his audience yesterday week an hour and a half of such musical enjoyment as only great beauty combined with great novelty can command. We have had by turns this great player and the other great composer—we have been treated to the smooth, the splendid, the sentimental, the severe in style—upon the pianoforte one after the other. M. Chopin has proved to us that the instrument is capable of yet another 'mode'—one in which delicacy, picturesqueness, elegance and humour may be blended so as to produce that rare thing—a new delight.

"His treatment of the pianoforte is peculiar, and though we know that a system is not to be 'explained in one word,' we will mention a point or two so entirely novel that even the distant amateur may in part conceive how, from such motions, an original style of performance, and thence of composition, must inevitably result.

"Whereas other pianists have proceeded on the intention of equalising the power of the fingers, M. Chopin's plans are arranged so as to utilise their natural inequality of power, and, if carried out, provide varieties of expression not to be attained by those with whom evenness is the first excellence. Allied with this fancy are M. Chopin's peculiar mode of treating the scale and the shake, and his manner of sliding with one and the same finger from note to note, by way of producing a peculiar *legato*, and of passing the third over the fourth finger.

"All these innovations are art and part of his music as properly rendered; and as enacted by himself they charm by an ease and grace which, though superfine, are totally distinct from affectation. After the 'hammer and tongs' work on the pianoforte, to which we have of late years been accustomed, the delicacy of M. Chopin's tone and the elasticity of his passages are delicious to the ear. He makes a free use of *tempo rubato*, leaning about within his bars more than any player we can recollect, but still subject to a presiding sentiment of measure, such as presently habituates the ear to the liberties taken. In music not his own we happen to know he can be as staid as a metronome; while his mazurkas, etc., lose half their characteristic wildness if played without a certain freak and license—impossible to imitate, but irresistible if the player at all feels the music. This we have always fancied while reading Chopin's works; we are now sure of it after hearing him perform them himself.

"The pieces which M. Chopin gave at his *matinée* were: Notturmi, Studies, *La Berceuse* (a delicate and lulling dream with that most matter-

of-fact substratum, a ground-bass), two mazurkas, and two waltzes. Most of these might be called 'gems' without misuse of the well-worn symbol. Yet, if fantasy be allowed to characterise what is essentially fantastic, they are not so much gems as pearls—pearls in the changeful delicacy of their colour—in occasional irregularities of form, not destructive, however, of symmetry—pearls in their not being the products of health and strength. They will not displace and supersede other of our musical treasures, being different in tone and quality to any possessions we already enjoy; but inasmuch as art is not final, nor invention to be narrowed within the limits of experience, no musician, be he ever so strait laced or severe—or vowed to his own school—can be indifferent to the exquisite and peculiar charm.

"It is to be hoped that M. Chopin will play again, and next time some of his more developed compositions—such as ballades, scherzi, etc., if not his sonatas and concerti. Few of his audience will be at all contented with a single hearing!"

Speaking of the second *matinée* the same journal says: "M. Chopin played better at his second than at his first *matinée*—not with more delicacy (that could hardly be)—but with more force and *brio*. Two among what we may call M. Chopin's more serious compositions were especially welcome to us—his Scherzo in B flat minor and his Study in C sharp minor. The former we have long admired for its quaintness, grace, and remarkable variety, though it is guilty of a needlessly crude and hazardous modulation or two; the latter again is a masterpiece—original, expressive and grand. No individual genius, we are inclined to theorise, is one-sided, however fondly the public is apt to fasten upon a characteristic, and disproportionately to foster its development, and if this crotchet be based on a sound harmony M. Chopin could hardly be so intimately and exquisitely graceful as he is if he could not on occasion be also 'grandiose.'"

*Manchester Guardian*, of August 30th, 1848, says: "Chopin's music and style of performance partake of the same leading characteristics—refinement rather than vigour, subtle elaboration rather than simple comprehensiveness in composition, an elegant rapid touch rather than a firm, nervous grasp of the instrument. Both his compositions and playing appear to be the perfection of chamber music—fit to be associated with the most refined instrumental quartette and quartette-playing—but wanting in breadth and obviousness of design and executive power to be effective in a large hall.



Our next number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and others, Particulars of a new Prize Competition, Result of the October Competition, and Articles on "Seeing with our Ears," "A Model Singing Lesson," "Contemporaries' Criticisms," etc., etc.



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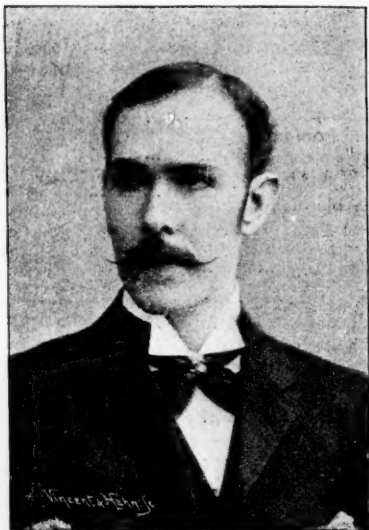
NOVEMBER, the month of fog, also of coughs and colds, is generally a busy time for singers, though perhaps not quite so much so as it is later. If, as doctors say, most of the seeds of consumption are laid by colds contracted—and never cured—during the summer months, it is certainly a fact that most of the winter colds which are so much trouble and loss to our singers are commenced and never really got rid of during November. It is a common error that singers are more sensitive to cold than others; naturally, they are probably as capable of resisting chills as any one else. Faulty conditions of living, and especially molly-coddling, cause them to be very susceptible to cold, but this is their own fault, not Nature's. If, with the approach of winter, singers would be a little brave, and avoid mufflers, comforters and fur wraps round the neck as they would poison, they might gradually so build up and tone their constitutions that money would be saved in doctors' bills and gained in engagements, whilst at the same time their general vigour would be improved. But we are afraid few have the courage to emulate Lloyd or Patti, both of whom brave the elements and lose practically no engagements through colds and hoarseness.

— \* \* \* \* \*

INFINITE SPACE.—How little can we see with even our greatest telescopes, when compared with the whole extent of infinite space! No matter how vast may be the depth which our instruments have sounded there is yet a beyond of infinite extent. Imagine a mighty globe described in space, a globe of such stupendous dimensions that it shall

include the sun and its system, all the stars and nebulae, and even all objects which our infinite capabilities can imagine. Yet, what ratio must the volume of this great globe bear to the whole extent of infinite space? The ratio is infinitely less than that which the water in a single drop of dew bears to the water in the whole Atlantic Ocean.

## MR. J. B. MULHOLLAND.



The typical outlying London theatre is not usually a place of superlative attractiveness, either in respect of the building itself or of the character of its performances, which mainly consist of a round of melodramas of appalling ineptitude. In this state of things Mr. Mulholland has found his opportunity. He has built for himself, entirely at his own risk, and on his own responsibility, a truly elegant theatre, the Theatre Métropole, at Camberwell, a theatre embodying in its arrangements all the latest architectural improvements, all the luxuries of the upholsterer's art. He has, moreover, engaged the best West-end touring companies, and the whole enterprise has been attended with enormous success, with success that seldom attends the work of a pioneer. Although, possibly, the youngest proprietor of a theatre within the Metropolitan district (he was born in 1859), Mr. Mulholland is an old and uncommonly acute hand at theatrical enterprise. As an actor, author, and manager, he made his mark in the provinces long

ago. He went on the stage when he was eighteen, and gained his first experience in the now extinct stock companies, and seven years later he embarked on touring management. Subsequently, he wrote a couple of plays, *Mizpah* and *Disowned*, with which he travelled, playing the principal parts himself, with the most gratifying success. In 1889 he became the lessee of the Grand Theatre at Nottingham, a fine theatre with which, before that time, various notable managements had been unsuccessfully associated, and it has flourished ever since. Mr. Mulholland still retains the lesseeship of this theatre, as well as his interest in *The Swiss Express* Company (a piece produced under his management at the Princess's Theatre in 1891), which has a considerable provincial reputation, and which makes occasional excursions abroad. But the Theatre Métropole at Camberwell is, so far, his most triumphant achievement.

Mr. Mulholland has lately been adopting some rather novel methods with the object of ascertaining the particular desire of his patrons in the matter of plays given, and the general arrangements of the theatre, by issuing printed forms to be filled in and returned. Upon these are such questions as: "What class of play do you prefer?" "What plays have you seen here that you wish to return?" "What West-end successes or other plays would you desire to have produced?" "What special form of advertisement or otherwise resulted in your present visit?" etc. These forms have brought about much valuable information, and in addition some useful suggestions, the result of which will probably be seen in the future arrangements.

The one particular benefit which the play-goers of the district derive is the saving of trouble and expense of a journey to the West-end theatres. At the Métropole can be seen nearly all that is or has been produced at the West, and at popular prices, too, ranging from a four-shilling stall to a sixpenny gallery, with a very comfortable shilling pit.

We have much pleasure in publishing the familiar face of London's latest theatre-manager, Mr. J. B. Mulholland.

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**A PARADISE FOR POULTERERS.**—Johannesburg must be a veritable paradise for poulterers. We gather from one of the local papers that eggs were in the market there on a certain date realising 7/6 a dozen. When we pay 2d. for an egg in London we grumble, but 7½d., even in the region of gold and diamond mines, is surely an exorbitant figure.

It has at all events stirred the local poet into an effusion, one verse of which runs:—

The price of eggs is rising fast,  
The day of luxury is past,  
Bacon alone is far from nice,  
But eggs are such an awful price.  
Egg-shell-sior!

## THE VIRTUES OF HUMBUG.

We pretend that we are indifferent to what is said about us; we are not. We pretend that society bores us; it does not. We pretend that we have a very low opinion of ourselves; we have not. We pretend not to mind what the servants think about us; we do mind. We pretend to be indifferent about our appearance; we are not. We pretend to be poorer than we are, worse than we should like to be, more stupid than we are. We pretend that others have virtues which we do not discern in them, gifts with which we are of opinion that they have not been endowed, and a liking for ourselves of which they are guiltless.

Owing to this systematised humbug the world is a tolerably pleasant place to live in. For a man with an avowedly good opinion of himself, or one who displays anxiety as to the impression he is making, or who openly outrages the waiter's feelings, or who tells you the exact figure of his income or explains the powers of his mind, may be sincere, but is an outrageous person. He might as well go about without trousers because he happens to have a good leg.

These pretences are the garments, clad in which we can with propriety take our place in the human showroom. By all means let us wear them and take them off only when we are alone. No doubt

some people sleep in them, and they, being never removed, as it were, grow to the skin and become a monstrous epidermis that smothers the real man till he himself can no longer see what manner of man he is. This is humbug in the soul, and the worst disease that can afflict a mortal being—far different from the graceful depreciation of ourselves, the courteous and moderate over-appreciation of others, and the smiling tolerance of what comes, that, happily blended, make good and quiet manners.

Many duties are laid down for us that are very hard to perform; for example, it is very hard to be good. But it is by no means difficult to be disagreeable.

The one intolerable thing is a person who is disagreeable from a sense of duty. The attitude is altogether too arrogant for humanity. The old philosopher says that one who can live entirely alone is more or less than human—he is a god or a beast. The person who is disagreeable on principle is nearly in the same case, but I never think him a god. Let us put on our clothes before we walk abroad and wear them as gracefully as we can; they soon become like a well-fitting boot, which makes your foot look well, while you do not so much as remember that you have it on.—*Anthony Hope, in the New York World.*



## A MODERN JOKER.

## THE ADVENTURES OF ARTHUR ROBERTS.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, has just published "The Adventures of Arthur Roberts, by Rail, Road and River; told by Himself, and Chronicled by Richard Morton." The word "chronicled" leaves Mr. Morton's part in the matter rather obscure. We at first conjectured that he supplied the grammar, but when we came, on an early page, to the phrase "three of we enthusiasts," we felt that this hypothesis required modification. Mr. Roberts, in any case, purports to speak throughout in his own person, and his inimitable sprightliness of manner is admirably sustained.

What a joyous life must his have been! How one envies his effervescent gaiety, his innocent playfulness! He goes through the world not only setting untold audiences in a roar, but gratuitously enhancing the gaiety of nations out of sheer exuberance of animal spirits.

He induces a trusting policeman to put on his own handcuffs, and then wishes him good evening; he slips out of a cab while it is in motion, and leaves the cabman to drive on without a fare; he goes up to a railway bookstall, pretending to be a

Frenchman, asks for the *Spore-teeng Time*, the *Graf-feeek*, and other journals, then says: "How moosh papare?" and when the boy replies, "One and ninepence," tenders him a franc; he affixes to the back of a smart drag a placard bearing the inscription, "Oysters fresh daily from the pond;" he loses no opportunity of telling pointless falsehoods to simple-minded travellers; he goes to a drinking-bar in his theatrical make-up, pretends to get furiously enraged at a fancied overcharge, tears his wig from his head and dashes it on the floor, and fondly imagines that the bystanders suppose it to be his own scalp; he gets into a pretended fight with a brother comedian at Carlisle railway station, for no more cogent reason, apparently, than that "it is so huge, and there is so much room for a joke." "After a lunch with some titled folks," he goes into a house that is under repair, and ascertaining that the foreman is absent, pretends to be the owner, and gives the workmen all sorts of idiotic directions; he buys a number of window tickets from a signwriter and distributes them over a refreshment counter (at his favourite

Carlisle, where "you get a good drop of Scotch"), so that the sausage rolls are announced as "Hand-sewn, 10s. each," and the sandwiches are "Stylish, 15s. 6d.;" he places a card inscribed "Please take one" on an exhibition stall of tins of condensed milk, and he goes about doing these and other delightful things out of pure disinterested devotion to art for art's sake. Think of the courage they must demand.

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"The gentleman commenced slowly to lift himself up and up towards the ceiling, and seemed to be as capable of elongation as a ship's telescope. He was a very long time before he raised all his length and finally strolled out of the room. Van's eyes had followed the whole process, and, as the door closed, he ejaculated:

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## BERLIOZ.

Berlioz of all men of genius was easily first in eccentricity. By way of ingratiating himself with so well ordered a Christian as Mendelssohn, he sneered at his orthodoxy, though he worshipped his art. "I shock him now and then by my contempt of the Bible; he is a Christian and a believer." Berlioz could only admire "St. Paul" and "Elijah" in the noble frame designed for them by his seriously-thinking friend. His ideas of marriage were peculiar, for he said to Ferdinand Hiller, who relates the matter in his memoirs, "If it suited me, I would marry the natural daughter of an executioner and a negress."

There are very amusing letters from Berlioz to Hiller, written in Rome and Paris. In one he describes his flight to Subiaco, where he went as a cockney sportsman, feather in cap, gun slung behind his back, a *chasseur*, one would think, of the Mr. Winkle order. But he forgot Miss Smithson in the pursuit of game, and if the sportsman was odd, the bag he made was in keeping. It consisted of sixteen quail, seven wild duck, a huge snake, and a hedgehog! We commend this queer record of a day's shooting to the Badminton series.

When Berlioz's pecuniary horizon was a darkness that might be felt, he was suddenly restored to comfort and respectability by a golden shower of 20,000 francs, which Paganini was popularly credited with bestowing. All Paris was aghast, for the fiddler was known to be a miser. It turns out that he added hypocrisy to avarice, for Rossini

assured Berlioz that the real benefactor was Armand Bertin, the wealthy owner of the *Journal des Débats*, who persuaded Paganini to pose as the self-denying patron of a brother musician.

Hiller visited Berlioz just before he died—a *blasé*, disappointed, ill-conditioned man of genius, who was so mortified with the reception given to his opera—the "Trojans"—that he determined to lay aside his wand, like Prospero, and have nothing more to do with enchantments. He told Hiller that not only had he bequeathed all his scores to the Library of the Conservatoire, but that he had deposited them on the shelves with his own hands. This was the last act of a man who knew what the vanity of human wishes means as well as Dr. Johnson himself, for all the hopes and aspirations at the outset of his career had been but faintly realised.

In early days he had written to Hiller, "Beethoven was the Columbus of a new Tone-world; I hope to follow after him as a Ferdinand Cortez." There was an element of truth in the prophecy, for though, as a profound critic has observed, "he was by no means an erudite musician, his knowledge being restricted, like that of most men of genius, to the range of his personal sympathies, yet he stands alone—a colossus with few friends, and no direct followers; a marked individuality, original, puissant, bizarre, violently one-sided, whose influence has been and will again be felt far and wide, for good and for bad, but cannot rear disciples, nor form a school."—*Temple Bar*.



## THE BARITONE AND THE DONKEY.

Clifford Hallé, son of Sir Charles Hallé, one of England's most famous musicians (who, by the way, was knighted by the Queen some six years ago), said to the writer—

"I recollect a funny thing that occurred in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, when I was travelling through that country as a baritone singer. The town is rather provincial, and the poundmaster never considers he has any duties to perform. The hall where I sang was in a portion of the village where donkeys, goats, and other domestic animals hold considerable of the available space. The night was warm, and the main entrance was left open for the purpose of permitting fresh air to enter.

"I had already sung two or three numbers, and was announced to render a ballad well known in that part of the world, entitled, 'Thou Art Passing Hence, My Brother.' It is full of sympathy and feeling, and as the audience seemed to be alive to

my work I did my very best. The orchestra was reasonably good, and I had the audience pretty well under control. The conclusion of the song contains the words, 'Brother, brother,' and just as I had reached them and my voice was dying away, and everybody seemed spellbound, a full-grown donkey stuck his head in the door, and brayed, 'Ye-haw-w-w! ye-haw-w-w!' seemingly in answer to my words.

"The audience went into convulsions, and the applause I anticipated was turned into howls of mirth. We had to stop right there and conclude the programme. The violinist was all broken up over the incident, and, walking up to me with his bow in his hand, said, 'Say, Hallé, if you expect to make a success of this South African tour you have got to keep your relatives away from the front door.'

"On another occasion I sang for the King of Swaziland, old Umbandine, and had for an audience

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his 600 wives. Young Shepstone, son of the famous Theophilus Shepstone, the man who plunged England into the Zulu war, was with me, and our orchestra consisted of two banjos. We sang light music, and in concluding I gave them the trill. The old King jumped up from his throne, rushed up to me, and wanted to examine my throat. I did it for him several times, and he finally concluded that he could do it himself. The result was a sound that reminded one of a broken

snare drum being played by a small boy. He tackled it for two or three days, and gave it up on the ground that his throat wasn't built right. He tried to teach it to several of his family, but without success. It was the only thing I did that seemed to please him, and from that time until I left I indulged in nothing but songs that had a trill in them. He always made a close examination after each piece, and finally stated that there was something the matter with me."—*San Francisco Call*.

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#### ON CHOOSING A PIANO.

How should you choose a piano? Don't choose it yourself if you can possibly help it, but place yourself in the hands of a properly qualified professional friend, upon whose judgment you can rely, and let this friend make the necessary selection.

As a general rule, first-rate articles can only be purchased at the best shops, and the cheapest thing to buy is that which is best made, because it will stand the greatest amount of wear.

Begin, then, by choosing a good piano manufacturer. You can do this by observing whose pianos are preferred by the best-known artistes for recitals, etc., for you will be quite safe in choosing any maker whose pianos are publicly used by eminent performers. By attending a few concerts, and hearing different pianists play, you may be able to compare the various tone-qualities you hear, and so make up your mind which pleases you best. —*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

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THE BANAVIE FLEA.—All tourists in the Highlands know Banavie; they may not know why a lobster is, in the west Highlands, called a "Banavie flea." From a book referred to we gather that a good many years ago an American was stopping at the Banavie Hotel, and made himself very obnoxious by his contemptuous remarks on Scottish scenery. "Ben Nevis?" he said, "do you call that a mountain? You should see our mighty Rockies! Loch Linnhe? Do you call that a lake? You should see our Lake Superior," and so on. The Highland waiter was exasperated, and procuring a live lobster he secreted it, in requital of the insults, in the American's bed. Hardly had the American gone to sleep when the lobster caught him firmly by the toe, and he jumped out of bed with a yell and rang for the Boots. "Boots," he said solemnly, rubbing his toe as he spoke, "you may not have such big mountains and big lakes here as we have in the States, but you have the most tarnation big fleas I have ever experienced."

severe morality. They speak of everything, that every one may have something to say; they do not investigate too closely, for fear of wearying; questions are introduced as if by-the-bye, and are treated with rapidity; precision leads to elegance; each one gives his opinion and supports it with few words; no one attacks with heat another's opinion; no one supports his own obstinately. They discuss in order to enlighten themselves, and leave off discussing where dispute would begin; every one gains information, every one amuses himself, and every one goes away satisfied; nay, the sage himself may carry away, from what he has heard, matter worthy of silent meditation.

CONVERSATION.—The tone of good conversation is flowing and natural; it is neither heavy nor frivolous; it is learned without pedantry, lively without noise, polished without equivocation. It is made up neither of lectures nor epigrams. Those who really converse reason without arguing, joke without punning, are skilful to unite wit and reason, maxims and sallies, ingenious raillery and

CONCENTRATION.—A large part of the culture of the senses consists in securing habits of observation and attention. When the mind is suffered to run upon other things, or to sink into reverie or apathy, neither eyes nor ears can fulfil their true work. The power of concentrating the thoughts for the time being upon the object on which we look, or the sounds to which we listen, will make both sight and hearing more acute and accurate. It is a rare but valuable ability that takes in much at a glance and impresses it upon the memory. It is in childhood that this concentration can be most easily and pleasantly gained. The senses are then more active and amenable to training than the mental powers.

## COMING CONCERTS.

November 1st.—Queen's (large) Hall: Mme. Antoinette Sterling's Concert at 8.

2nd.—Queen's (large) Hall: Rosario Scalero's Violin Recital at 3; Polytechnic Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. E. H. Thorne's Concert at 3.

3rd.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.

5th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Benningfield's Concert at 8.

6th.—Queen's (large) Hall: London Ballad Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Rd. Gompertz String Quartette, 8.15.

7th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Bernhard Carrodus String Quartette at 8.

8th.—Queen's (small) Hall: British Chamber Music Concert at 8.

9th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Rosario Scalero's Violin Recital at 3; Polytechnic Concert at 8.

10th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.

11th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Mr. Ernest Cavour's Concert at 3. Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Dora Bright's Piano-forte Recital at 8.

12th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Herr Mottl's Concert at 8.15. Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. Louis Cottell's Concert at 8.

13th.—Queen's (large) Hall: "Walpurgis Night," Choral Fantasia, "Athalie," at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Rd. Gompertz String Quartette at 8.15.

14th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. Otto Dene and Miss Emily Upton's Recital at 8.

15th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Signor Giambattista's Concert at 8.

16th.—Queen's (large) Hall: London Ballad Concert at 3;

Polytechnic Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. E. H. Thorne's Concert at 3.

17th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.

18th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Grace Henshaw and Mr. Frederick Fredericksen's Concert at 8.

19th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Dora Bright's Piano-forte Recital at 8.

20th.—Queen's (small) Hall: Bernhard Carrodus String Quartette at 8.

21st.—Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Eileen Munro and Mr. Patrick Munro's Recital at 8.

22nd.—Queen's (large) Hall: Philharmonic Society "Purcell" Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: British Chamber Music Concert at 8.

23rd.—Queen's (large) Hall: Polytechnic Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. Alex. Watson's Concert at 3.

24th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Sunday Afternoon Orchestral Concert at 3.30; National Sunday League at 7.

25th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Mr. Ernest Cavour's Concert at 3. Queen's (small) Hall: Mr. Charles Fry's Recital at 8.

26th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Herr Mottl's Concert at 8.

27th.—Queen's (large) Hall: London Ballad Concert at 8. Queen's (small) Hall: Rd. Gompertz String Quartette at 8.15.

28th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Strolling Players' Orchestral Concert at 8.

29th.—Queen's (large) Hall: Royal Artillery Band Concert at 3. Queen's (small) Hall: Miss Dora Bright's Piano-forte Recital at 8.

30th.—Queen's (large) Hall: St. Andrew's Day at 7.30; Mr. Charles Fry's Recital at 3.

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